

PLAYMATES.

Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

Music of this song sent on receipt of 10 cts. in 1 or 2 ct. stamps; by
A. W. Auner, Tenth & Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Through the storms of life I've battled, I have seen its seamy side,
Fortune has not deigned to hear me, though my level best I tried,
Some get hut the milk and water, others get the richest cream—
Oft the memory of my boyhood come back to me as a dream.
All the troubles of those schooldays centred in the master's rule,
All we had to think or care for were our lessons and the school.
Oftentimes I meet those playmates who once made this heart rejoice—
Some are smiling—glad and hearty—others sing with broken voice—

REFRAIN.

Playmates were we—little we thought it then
How we should change when we should all be men
Ah! sweet boyhood's days—free from all care and pain!
Playmates! playmates! I wish we were boys again!

Very well can I remember one young lad named Henry Dare;
Brightly gladsome were his features, brightly golden was his hair;
He was everybody's idol, softened e'en the master's heart;
When young Harry got in mischief, everybody took his part.
Some few months ago I met him, all his hair was ghastly grey;
When he saw me, with a shudder, he turned off another way.
Years ago he'd robbed employers, been in prison as a thief,
Sought in drink and dissipation what he ne'er could find—relief!
Playmates were we, &c.

Sometimes I have grown weary of the world and all its strife—
Out of work and out of money, black and dismal seemed this life.
One day by some chance I wandered past a mansion in the "West"—
"DR. JASPER" on the door-plate—on the steps I sang to rest!
Presently the door flew open—could it be?—the Jack of yore—
"Johnny Jasper! don't you know me—your old playmate? Look
once more!

I am starving, cold, and homeless! Help me!—hear my piteous tale!"
"No!" said he, "*I pay my taxes!—Seek the workhouse, or the JAIL!*"
Playmates were we, &c.

This is some few years ago, boys, yet remembrance will not die,
Neither in the jail nor workhouse have I yet been forced to lie;
But I've been inside a workhouse; I was sent for yesterday,
Some one dying wished to see me, and I went without delay.
When I reached that wretched bedside, there lay, gasping for his breath,
Johnny Jasper—*Doctor Jasper!*—almost at the gate of death!
"Tom," he whispered, "I have fallen from my wealth and grand
estates—

For my cruelty forgive me! Don't say 'no'—we once were mates."
Playmates were we, &c.